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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1910.

A Word for Reciprocity.

Sir Richard Cartwright, Canadian minister of commerce, speaking in the Canadian Parliament Thursday on reciprocity between that country and the United States, paid a high compliment to President Taft, who, he said, did an unprecedented thing by coming more than half way from Washington to meet the minister of another nation. He added that it was exceptionally courteous on the part of this country to send its commissioners to Ottawa to discuss amicably the methods by which reciprocity relations could be established. The minister concluded by saying that there are more considerations in this matter than mere pounds and shillings.

"I have always been an advocate of Canada making herself valuable to the empire by promoting friendly relations between ourselves and the United States. Nothing can be done by Canada which would be one-quarter as great a service to the British Empire than in every way promoting amiable and equitable relations between these two Anglo-Saxon powers. And I will go still further and say that if there is one thing more than anything else a condition of general disarmament it would be an alliance between these two great nations."

Well said, indeed. This is the right spirit for those who really are for peace and extended commerce. But now to prove it. Sir Richard wound up by saying that Canada had no intentions of sacrificing its interests in the negotiations, and its commissioners are to obtain a quid pro quo for any concession to the United States.

So there we are, just where we were when the negotiations were begun. For in order to reach an agreement of this kind, either contracting party must make some sacrifice, or else it would not be "reciprocity." The issue reduces itself to this one question: Are the agrarians in Canada stronger than the government? Sir Richard has voiced his personal feelings. Is he powerful enough to have Parliament see matters as he sees them? We all know what a fine thing this reciprocity would be for both countries. But the thing is to get there at last!

If President Diaz has had as much success in repressing the rebellion as he has had in suppressing the rebellious news, he need not worry.

The Parcels Post.

It is good news that at last the agitation that has been universal throughout the country in favor of the establishment of a parcels post system is about to bear fruit. It is announced that the Postmaster General will ask the coming session of Congress to make an appropriation to cover the cost of an inquiry into the nature and volume of business that would be handled by a parcels post system if it should be found feasible to establish one. More than this, he will ask that Congress authorize the delivery on rural routes of parcels weighing as high as eleven pounds, which is the weight limit of the international parcels post. It is pointed out that such deliveries on rural routes would involve little or no additional expense, as the rural carriers are already provided with vehicles for the delivery of mail.

We all know why it is that this matter of establishing a postal parcels delivery system has been delayed so long. The express companies, which have reaped a great, and, in a large measure, an unjust harvest from the people, have always had friends in Congress powerful enough to protect them in their privilege. Mr. Wauwamaker, when he was Postmaster General, was not afraid to say that it was only the express companies that stood in the way of this benefit to the people. It may be that the express company privilege is not so strongly entrenched as it once was, but just the same the American people will hail with delight some concrete effort on the part of the postal authorities to extend the parcels post system.

Certainly the appropriation asked for should be granted, and it should result in the appointment of a commission to collect data from Great Britain and other countries where such systems have long been in force that shall point out to us the most practical and economical methods of establishing the system in our country. There can be little doubt as to the popular will in regard to this system. The press is practically unanimous in favoring it, and if the issue is once brought squarely before Congress we imagine that few will be found bold enough to line themselves up against it and thus frankly declare themselves on the side of the vested interests.

Nevertheless, Clarkism does not have such a formidable sound as Cannonism.

A man in Massachusetts, aged fifty-two, has been sent to the workhouse because a woman, aged seventy, complained

that he kissed her. And yet Benjamin Franklin said that old women were so grateful for little attentions.

Center of Population.

Such progress has been made by the Census Bureau that an interesting study of the growth of different sections of the country can be made. The statistics at hand show that one State (Iowa) has lost, the decrease being three-tenths of 1 per cent. This is due to the fact that Iowa has no large cities.

Rural population is at a standstill, and the growth in this decade will be almost entirely urban. With this condition, the center of population, which in 1900 was six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind., will be found practically unchanged. And there is a possibility that for the first time in the history of the nation the pendulum has swung eastward.

Every census enumeration since 1790 has shown westward progress, ranging from eighty-one miles, the gain made in 1890-70, down to fourteen miles, made in the 1890-1900 decade.

The population of sixteen States has been announced, including several of the largest. Of those announced, the increase of Indiana totals more than 3,000,000, while the Western States thus far given out show a total increase of only 600,000. While the East has New York and Massachusetts, which show the largest total gains, Texas and California have not been reported, and these two States will no doubt counterbalance New York.

In every State thus far announced the largest cities have increased at a greater rate than has the State as a whole. Should there be any exception, it will probably be Maryland, for Baltimore's increase was only 9.7 per cent, and it is possible that the State of Maryland will show a larger growth than this, although Delaware, a neighboring State, increased a fraction less than did the city of Baltimore.

Leaving out of consideration Arizona and New Mexico, the most remarkable gain is found in Florida, which increased more than 42 per cent, due in part to the large increase of Tampa, which has a percentage of 143, and Jacksonville with 103. The total increase in the State of New York is 1,580,000, while the increase of the city of New York alone is 1,230,000. Boston and Massachusetts have almost the same increase, but the growth of the State at large is due to the rapid increase in the manufacturing centers, which also accounts for the gain of more than 36 per cent in the population of Rhode Island.

The total growth of the State of Alabama is a little more than 300,000, while that of the city of Birmingham is nearly 100,000, and that of Mobile and Montgomery combined is more than 20,000, which also tends to show that the growth in the South, as well as in the North, is urban rather than rural; and this tendency toward congestion in population is accentuated to a greater degree than was ever shown in previous enumerations.

The Congressional apportionment will show the East stronger than the West, and New York, as a commanding figure in national politics, will have lost none of the prestige of quantity. While some of the Western States will gain, many will only hold their own or lose, and the gains in the South will no doubt be overbalanced by those in the New England and Eastern States.

The passenger fare between New York and Chicago has been revised downward, but the Democrats can hardly claim credit for this.

"Mannish Women."

All who know Cardinal Gibbons are aware that whenever the distinguished prelate talks he has "something to say," and it may be admitted that he knows what he is talking about.

The Cardinal's stand on woman suffrage is firm, and he lets no occasion go by to warn against it. This is what he told the girl students of St. Catharine's Normal School at Baltimore, whose guest of honor he was Friday:

"Avoid following those who desire woman suffrage. Do not follow in the steps of those who have become mannish in their ways and who fight for a place in politics. Woman's place is in the home, and I trust you will strive to do your best now. By doing so each of you will bring joy to your relatives and friends, and in the future to the young man whom you may call your husband."

The Cardinal is well aware that in this country of free institutions female suffrage is not needed to make woman the equal of man, whose equal she is already in every respect. How often do we hear a man exclaim: "If I had only taken my wife's advice!" Or again, "My wife is my full confidant, and her advice always is excellent!" This shows that American husbands long ago placed their wives upon a pedestal not only of equality but often of superiority.

Men, yes, and women, who read the news from London of the rioting and stone-throwing suffragettes, may smile over the unusual and militant course adopted by the women of England, but it also pains them. They are "mannish women," against whom the cardinal so aptly warn the girls of Baltimore.

The more one reads about football these days, the happier he is that he does not have to play it.

A Philadelphia ossified man has been married. Even boneheads appeal to some women.

Asking the ladies not to wear ostrich plumes, so as to conserve the ostrich, is a little too much.

A man was fined in New York for killing a robin. He probably was second cousin to the brute who was fined for coaxing a squirrel to come near him and then kicking it.

Politics is hot in South Carolina. A man named Blaise is running for the legislature.

"The Nest Eggs" is the name of a new drama in New York. It may be an attempt to popularize the cold-storage product.

It is said now that Mr. Drexler's altitude record can never be beaten on account of the rarity of the air. Well, 15,000 feet up in the clouds is enough for all practical purposes.

A Wisconsin girl who had been deserted at the altar by the prospective bridegroom married a former sweetheart,

who happened to be present. Her object seems to have been matrimony.

The Charles Dickens stamps are on the market now, and as you buy one to paste in a copy of "The Christmas Carol" you may remember Tiny Tim's remark: "God bless us, every one."

In the matter of a reduction of the price of necessities of life it would seem that it is a theory, not a condition, that confronts us.

A Boston newspaper is strenuously advising the youngsters to keep off the thin ice. That is not bad advice to tender to the politicians, also.

A postal parcels delivery system would help Santa Claus greatly.

Sixteen fortune-tellers who are in jail in New York are now telling their misfortunes.

The government is now paroling its prisoners, and the people have recently paroled quite a number of other public servants.

A Virginia court has decided that it is not legally wrong in that State to cheat at primary elections. How woefully the law sometimes lags behind morals!

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE TIE-UP.

All the world says a lover,
So they say,
But not when compelled to hover
Half the day
'Round the only public station
That is near
While he holds a conversation
With his dear.

Perseparation from us-trickles.
We was hot
As we watch him dropping nickels
In the slot.
We get very, very weary,
And we groan
As he hables to his dearie
Through the phone.

People Expect It.
"Yes; we went through the Tyrol."
"See any picturesque peasants?"
"Naw. The hotel keepers ought to get together and maintain a few."

On the Watch.
"That fellow expects to wake up some day and find himself famous."
"That explains it," said the janitor.
"He does kick like fury whenever his paper falls to come."

All Fixed.
"I think I'll propose at the party tonight."
"No; you won't."
"Why won't I?"
"My sister knows the young lady in question, and it has been arranged for you to propose at the ball next week."

Sounds Odd.
Our native tongue is funny.
For it seems
We mostly stink our money
Floating schemes.

Up Against It.
"Do you always do a little more than is expected of you?"
"No; my boss always expects a little more than you can do."

Feed-box Information.
"Sure thing at the track for to-day."
"Have you any real information?"
"Got it straight from a hostler who has just had a talk with the horse."

His Wife.
"What do you do for a living, Mose?"
"I'm de manager ob a laundry."
"What's the name of this laundry?"
"Eliza Ann."

OUR FLEET ABROAD.

Arrival in European Waters an Incident of Reminiscence Interest.

From the New York Tribune.
The arrival of the American fleet in European waters is an incident of reminiscence interest and also of practical present significance. More than a hundred and thirty years ago it made its first appearance there, and although it was carried upon a solitary little sloop, it created proportionately a far greater sensation than the present formidable armada. Paul Jones, at Whitehaven, Carrickfergus, Belfast, and Plamborough Head, made the most striking mark in the naval history of the world since Drake. The same generations saw other American naval exploits in waters which, though geographically African, were so near to us as to seem to belong to that continent. And half a century later the waters of Cherbourg, which our ships at present visit, witnessed an American vessel's signal triumph in one of the most memorable of naval duels.

Those were missions of war; the first against a European power with which we shall never again fight, the second against a power which Europe apparently dared not fight but which after our visitation gave the world no further ground for the third against a faction of our own nation. The present errand is entirely peaceful.

If there are those who deplore it as a manifestation of increased and overdeveloped militarism, their attention may well be directed to a comparison between our navy of to-day and its relation to the size, wealth, and equipment of the nation and that of a hundred years ago. The navy of Decatur, Bainbridge, and Hull sustained at least as formidable a relation to the age as our navy, and the relation to that of Dewey and Schreyer does to the era of steam power, railroads, and electricity.

Presides at 92d Birthday Dinner.

From the New York World.
"If the doctor who wanted to chloroform us old folks could see me now, I guess he'd have to admit there were exceptions to his rule."

Mr. Catherine F. Caldwell, at Stamford, said that as she sat at the head of a dining table around which were gathered her descendants, celebrating the ninety-second anniversary of her birth, at her right hand sat her eldest son, a youth of sixty-nine, and on her left was the eldest grandson, a mere lad of fifty-two. Eight children, twenty grandchildren, seventeen great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren were there.

In the Wrong Church.

This story is told of Rev. Stephen H. Truag, famous New York divine of a generation ago:

A wealthy man came to him and said he wanted to rent one of the most expensive pews in the church. "But," he added, "I'll only take it on one condition—you mustn't expect me to do any work."

The eminent rector smiled.

"My friend," he replied, "you have come to the wrong church. You belong four blocks down the street, in the Church of the Heavenly Rest."

As to Cynics.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A cynic is a man who loves the truth more than he loves popular applause.—Chicago News.

Our ideal of a cynic is a man with a grouse who loves to make others feel as mean as he does.—New York Herald.

Let him who is without cynicism cast the first stone.—Boston Globe.

Say, you're going to make a lot of trouble if the stone-throwing privilege is open to the women, too.

POLITICAL VIEWS.

A New Roosevelt.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Grithness has given place to geniality. Taciturnity is followed by chattiness. The great Roosevelt smile once more appears, and a nation basks in its comfortable warmth.

The loud and minatory Roosevelt of the campaign and the glum reclus of the days that followed the campaign were one and the same. The second mood followed the first as effect invariably follows logical cause. The toothsome smile had vanished and the ursine handclasp was but a magnifying Achilles' heel in his tent.

But, like his Hellenic prototype, the Saggiado would be ready to rally forth once more and avenge the slaughter of his Patroclus Stimson. He is ready to bind on his armor and bring bitter grief to the temporarily triumphant foe.

No one seriously imagined that the colonel would long maintain his silence. He is not that kind of a man. He is essentially a man of action. When he has expended his energies in killing animals, he must inevitably exercise his vocal organs.

The nation is not sorry that the colonel is ready to talk again.

Not Always Delivered.

From the New York Evening Post.
Among a group of men who stood idly about a barroom was one who remarked: "No man can buy my vote."

The genius of the place reached a hand over to the barstool's coat sleeve and remarked: "I saw you sell your vote this morning."

The barstool paid no attention, and as the others seemed not to have appreciated his remark he repeated it, and again the barstool leaned over and said: "I saw you sell it this morning."

A third time this little comedy was enacted, and this time the barstool turned the barstool to the shoulder and seized him around his neck and said: "I saw you sell it this morning."

"You did?" said the barstool. "Well, what did you see?"

"I saw somebody give you \$5 for your vote," replied the barstool. The barstool sniffed as he replied:

"Yes; I take their money, but I don't vote for them."

Most Eloquent Appeal.

From the New York Sun.
Since he was elected governor, John A. Dix has made two pledges to the people of this State. The first committed him to the task of reducing the swollen and extravagant budget of the State. The second promise is included in the following declaration made recently in this city:

"All that I can do is to make recommendations to the legislature. I have no right to force my views on them. If they don't like what I recommend that is another matter, and they will have to answer to those who elected them for what they do or what they don't do. This matter of the executive forcing his views upon the legislature is getting to be altogether too irksome. I am going to make a change in that when I get to Albany."

Department Economy.

From the Omaha Bee.
The campaign of departmental retrenchment laid out by the President for the coming session of Congress represents nothing new to the administration. It is but a continuation of the Taft policy adopted at the beginning of his term of office. He proposes to make a thorough sweep of the job this winter, cutting out every sinecure and lowering every source of expense that will bear reduction, and he expresses the belief that when he is done he will have saved a large sum of money to the government.

A Democratic Peril.

From the Houston Post.
A New Jersey Democrat was so astounded at his election that he became deranged and killed himself. We were so overwhelmed by the glory of our triumph that for a while we thought we would drop dead ourselves. Our patriots must never again be out of power, or else we are to make their deserved success perilous to life.

CHICAGO'S ELECT.

From the Chicago News.
Mrs. Chatfield-Chatfield-Taylor is Head of the 1,500 "Upper Crust."

While Chicago is far behind New York in population, as shown by the census, she has nearly four times the number of socially-elect, as was proved in the coming-out party which Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Chatfield-Chatfield-Taylor gave for their daughter, Miss Adelaide Chatfield-Taylor.

Just what Ward McAllister, founder of New York's "93," would have said to an invitation list of 1,500 cannot be imagined. Yet such a list was the one made out for the daughter of the Chatfield-Taylors.

This is the high mark for Chicago. Some gasped when it was known that 500 invitations had been issued for the ball which Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen gave Wednesday evening for their daughter, Miss Louise Bowen, and as Mrs. Bowen has been prominent in philanthropy and included all her friends on her list, it was not so surprising as when it was known that Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, beyond whom there is no appeal in Chicago, had decided that there were 1,500 men and women in the city whom she desired her daughter to know.

Most of those bidden to the reception called during the afternoon. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, who looked almost as young and just as handsome as her daughter, and Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor were assisted by Miss Anita Blair, Miss Eleanor Hamill, and Miss Dorothy Robbins. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor's two sisters, Mrs. Robert McGinn and Mrs. Reginald de Koven, of New York, also assisted.

His Natural Inference.

From the Youngstown Telegram.
The proprietor of a local book store is responsible for the following:

A tall, ungainly young fellow entered the other evening and wanted to exchange a book that he had purchased.

"Wasn't the story as good as you thought it was?" he asked.

"Oh, it was all right; but it wasn't the kind of a book I thought it was. The name of the book is 'The Jungle,' continued the young man, and I thought it would be all about wild animals."

Saw the "Dead" Circus.

From the Arkansas Gazette.

It had been anything but an easy afternoon for the teacher who took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but their enthusiastic interest in the study of animals and their open-eyed wonder at the prehistoric fossils amply repaid her.

"Well, boys, where have you been all afternoon?" asked the father of two of the party that evening.

The answer came back with joyous promptness: "Oh, pop! Teacher took us to a dead circus."

Her Proper Term.

From the Youngstown Telegram.

"We have a new hard girl at our house," said a little North Side girl to a visitor a few days ago.

"You mean a hired girl," corrected the lady.

"No, I don't," insisted the little one, "mammy says they're hard girls because it is hard to keep one."

CARICATURES OF GREAT NAPOLEON

In modern history there is no figure that so dominates the stage of the world as that of the great Napoleon. There hardly is any one whose life is more eagerly read and studied, and though it is now more than a hundred years since he strode across the face of Europe, his biography, character sketches, and memoirs of his appearance, and he was more extensively caricatured than any man who ever lived.

Before me is Mr. Broady's latest work, reproducing more than 200 of such caricatures, and they give an excellent insight into the opinion held by Napoleon's contemporaries of the "petit corporal." It seems that the French Emperor was most extensively caricatured by English artists than by those of other nationalities. Probably this was due to the fact that it was not so easy for him to lay hands on them.

The leading caricaturists of the Napoleon era were those of the pencil, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and Gillray. In fact, it was the father of Cruikshank who drew the first caricature of Napoleon ever published in London. The occasion for it was the conquest of Italy. It was vulgar and objectionable in some respects, but truthfully the artist hits off Napoleon as an upstart, which no doubt was the general opinion of "Boney" in the early days of his career.

The caricature shows the young general sitting on a throne in tattered breeches, booted and spurred, and wearing a gigantic cocked hat. Rudely he kicks away the tibia of the prostrate Pope. He kneels before him, holding out the keys of St. Peter. Napoleon is represented as saying: "I say, remember to take off your hat when talking to a gentleman!"

In these days, when the question of a possible invasion of England by Germany is being discussed continually, it is interesting to note that the theme of a large number of the British caricatures was Napoleon's threat to invade the island. However, upon going over these pictures one is struck with the fact that, while the fear of such an invasion was very real, everybody seems to have been ready to meet the emergency bravely.

For example, the caricature, "The Oak and the Mushroom," by David Roberts. Napoleon is shown as a giant mushroom, glaring menacingly at a typical British sailor. The latter has his left hand around the trunk of an oak tree and a stout cudgel in his right hand, and is exclaiming: "You may look as cross as you please, Mr. Mushroom, but here stands the British oak, and by St. George and the Dragon, not a leaf of it shall fall to the ground!"

Turning to the caricatures of Napoleon by foreign artists, one is compelled to award the prize to the French themselves. The Germans, on the other hand, are the bitterest satirists, and the reason is not far to seek, considering the cruel and brutal manner in which Napoleon laid waste their territories.

The National Eldestfod of Wales, celebrated every autumn, is one of the most picturesque festivals remaining in this commercial age. Last year, when the Gorsedd, or meeting to proclaim the bards, was held in Kensington Gardens in the early morning, no one looked better than Lady St. Helier in her silken robes of emerald green, and still more graceful than the Countess Matland, whose grace and charm one longs to see added to the Grecian folds of an ovate's vestment.

This year the Countess Dundonald and Mrs. Barnato, who have taken such an active part in the preparations for the Eldestfod, especially of the arts and crafts section, were initiated as ovates. A word in the Gorsedd by the Countess Logan stone the Arch Druid Dyfed was attended by all of his bards, some in white robes and others in blue, while the ovates were green. The twelve chief bards stood by the sacred unheaven stones. Ancient prayers were recited, and the huge Brytanic sword was drawn and sheathed three times with the question by the archdruid: "A oes Heidwch?" to which all present responded by a shout of "Heidwch!" (peace).

In Wales the Eldestfod naturally is more characteristically Welsh than when it is held in London. The choirs and instrumental music are listened to with breathless attention, while again and again the bards sing "da dawn" (very good), or sometimes "no good," the ovate may be, while for the time being all is forgotten but the music.

The culminating interest of the Eldestfod is centered in the chairing of the wheel, the award for the greatest alliterative poem of the Gorsedd. The adjudicators read their decision, criticizing the different poems sent in, and announcing at the close the name of the plume of the successful competitor.

In whole company is galvanized with intense excitement. The winning author stands and two bards are sent to conduct him amid strains of music to his chair of honor in the bardic circle.

A friend in the diplomatic service who was at Lisbon during the revolution gave me some interesting intimate details about the interior of the royal palace as he found it immediately after the flight of the young monarch. He had free access to the bedroom of Manuel, on condition that he would not write anything.

The first thing that struck him upon entering the room was the jewel of the Order of the Garter, the most beautiful and highly prized decoration in England, which was lying half out of the drawer, as if the King had thought of taking it, but had changed his mind. The next most conspicuous objects were two large, signed photographs of the pretty Princess Patricia of Connaught, in gold frames. They were the only souvenirs in the simple little room, excepting the portrait of Queen Amelie, the King's mother. This discovery renews the oft-repeated and oft-denied story of an attachment between the King and the British princess, but those who ought to know say the fact is that, although Princess "Pats" liked the boy King in a chummy way, she put down her foot resolutely when it came to matrimonial proposals.

Those who have been to Wood Norton describe the exiled young King as being in a wretched state of health, and his depression hardly is lightened by the company of the leaguers of men. Manuel, it was reported in London, has been encountered by servants on the estate wandering about hysterically. It is considered likely that Queen Mother Alexandra, shortly will invite the unhappy youth to Sandringham to cheer him up.

All of the King's private effects, such as his orders, uniforms, and jewelry, will be sent through the British representative at Lisbon, addressed to "Francis Villiers," Wood Norton. Nothing has been settled as to Manuel's future income.

The Duke of Orleans, once held a commission in the British army. This was more than twenty years ago. The duke with his family was exiled from France in 1836, and his appointment to the Sixtieth Rifles was tendered him a little while afterward. He served with the fourth battalion in India and returned home with the command in 1832. In 1839 he left the British army to make a further attempt to get his exile revoked, but was unsuccessful.

Consumer No Myth.

From the Rochester Herald.
When the campaign of 1912 comes along the interests will not insist that the ultimate consumer is a myth.

PLANET, (Copyright, 1910, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

DEATH RATES MISLEADING.

Expert Says Population's Average Age Must Be Considered.

From the New York Times.
The report from St. Paul, Minn., that its death rate is only eleven persons for each 1,000 has caused a good deal of discussion as to whether or not it is the healthiest city in the United States.